

How to Train Your Dragon: Rory's Choice

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Summary: Female Hiccup, Rory in this case, must make a decision between her people and her best friend - a dragon she calls Toothless. But when she is forced to kill a dragon for her father, will she stay and face her people, or will she run away to save the only friend she has?

1. Chapter 1

My mother died when I was two, and since I'm an only child, my dad and I are the only ones who live in the chief's house, which sucks because we hardly talk.

Oops, sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Rory. I am a fifteen-year-old girl trying to hold her own in a clan of Vikings. I have bright green eyes and auburn hair that I usually put in a messy bun or ponytail. I stick with comfy clothes rather than armor or spikes, except for the one I keep in my hair. I cannot Viking for my life. I don't get along with my father, and only talk to him on good days. I only own one weapon, a dagger called Nyx. I made it myself and carry it everywhere. I was never very strong, so without anyone knowing, I taught myself to fight. It was a style that focused on speed, not strength, but I did get strong enough to punch teeth out, which was kind of refreshing. And I only have one friend; and we don't really talk anymore. Astrid and I grew up next door and used to be inseparable until she turned 11. She is gorgeous, and the other kids started to notice her. I guess I'm kind of pretty too, but I always try to play it down, and prefer to be alone. Anyways, Astrid became known, and we haven't spoken besides Hi and Bye since. I work as a blacksmith every other day, 'cept Sundays, and Gobber, the head Smith, has tolerated me and taught me to always have a witty retort ready. Other than that, I like to explore the forest in my backyard - there's half an island waiting to be discovered! By the way, I should mention that our island pests are a bit more serious than others. Dragons.

Whew. Now I can get back to the story.

It was a gorgeous night lit by the village torches, and the air was filled with the sounds of an ever-waging war against man and beast.

"Here," I was constantly being given weapons to sharpen on the... sharpener. Gobber dressed for the occasion and turned to me. "Stay. Put. There." He ran out yelling like the Viking he is.

I took in the scene for a few moments, then ran home, straight into my backyard and the woods. When the screaming intensified, I grabbed hold of my wooden contraption. I heard a call of "Night Fury!" and looked for a shadow against the night sky. There! I yanked the lever and destroyed the thing, but not before it tossed a bolas at the shape in the sky. It was a cannon of sorts, meant to throw the bolas for me, and my latest invention. The shadow let out a scream and fell to the ground in the undiscovered part of the island. I let out a whoop and made a mental note to investigate tomorrow.

After sprinting back to the blacksmith's, i noticed that the fighting had died down. Gobber entered minutes after I did, and looked shocked to see me.

"You actually stayed?"

"Oh sorry, did I not cause enough trouble? I'll try harder next time. Promise," my voice dripped with sarcasm.

"Well I just didn't expect you to listen. Always tryin' to help and whatnot," he shot back.

I sighed. "Trust me, I've learned my lesson. You think I enjoy listening to the resentment in my fathers voice?" I mimicked his accent. "Excuse me, but I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fishbone of a girl!"

"Just stop trying to be something you're not," Gobber advised, and then limped away on his wooden leg. I darted home and up the stairs to my room, which has roof right out the window that I can sit on and draw. Nobody can see me unless I hang my feet over the edge, and there's a ladder in case I want to leave without letting my father know. Besides the no friends issue, my life is pretty quiet and nice, but I secretly longed for action and adventure, and a friend who would never leave.

2. Chapter 2

I slept in kind of late, then took my notebook and pencil in to the woods. I had already mapped out a few square miles, so I followed the path and looked for any signs that the dragon I'd hit hadn't been my imagination. So far, nothing looked out of the ordinary. I walked further than I ever had before and started making a new path. Branches whipped across my face, and a few drops of blood dripped into my eyes.

"Fantastic," I muttered.

I attempted to clear my vision, and something else caught my attention. "Son of a bitch," I breathed. A full-grown tree had been split right down the center.

I was practically wiggling with excitement as I followed the trail of ash and destruction, but also focusing on my surroundings in case any movement startled me. A bush rustled, and I froze, half expecting a rabbit to dart out. When nothing happened, I investigated. I did find a rabbit, but it was half eaten. Lovely.

I heard growl, and my eyes flicked to a huge dark shape, before I turned toward it and walked up to the thing. It didn't respond when I was close enough to touch it, and I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. It was still tangled in the bolas, a rope with round stones on ends, and I slowly brought out Nyx, my dagger. It still didn't move, but I noticed its breathing speed up, as if it knew what was coming.

I yelled to the trees, something I loved to do when nobody was around. "I have brought down this mighty beast! I am the-" the dragon twitched and sent me stumbling in the middle of my triumphant speech. "Hey!"

The dragon rumbled at me, and I got the odd feeling it was laughing. I shook my head and grabbed Nyx, preparing for the task I was meant to do. I raised my knife, but glimpsed its eyes. They were the same shade of green as mine, and he was scared.

I sighed, and dropped my knife in frustration. "Why can't I kill you?! I would solve half the village's problems. I would be a hero," he closed his eyes and groaned in a gesture I couldn't interpret.

I snatched up my dagger and made a split second decision. I sawed at the ropes that held him, and he flinched. His eyes flew wide open when he realized what I was doing, and wiggled a bit as if to test the ropes. There was a snap as I cut through the last rope, and before I could blink, he had me pinned against a rock. We stared at each other for a bit before he gave a roar.

"You're welcome," I quipped.

He snorted and then turned and bounded into the woods, away from the village. I heard a roar, and then nothing. I took a moment to steady myself, before slowly making my way home.

End
file.